

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 3.



CHAPEL
AND
BOYS'
DORMITORY



GIRL'S DORMITORY



GIRL'S DORMITORY

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April.
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HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

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Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 3.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

DURING the past three months the editor has visited all our mission schools except Alaska. We have returned to our usual work with a deeper conviction that no broader or more important mission fields open before the Christian Church in these closing years of the nineteenth century. We have heard that the Indian can never be civilized, yet the sweet story of redeeming love has been told us by men and women who six years ago were ignorant savages. Some Christians have expressed disgust with the gross sensuality of the Mormons and their hollow pretence to holy living. We have been in the presence of those who formerly were firm adherents to this false faith and joined with them in thanking God for His pardoning mercy.

The Chinese are thought by many to be mere brutes. There are professing Christians who do not think these poor almond-eyed strangers in our borders are worth saving. We have visited many schools and homes among this people during the past three months, and held heart to heart talks with the boys and girls who have been led to see Christ as their Saviour.

Mexico, beautiful for situation, our next-door neighbor, has been begging for help from Christian America for the past thirty years, in order that she might be relieved from the chains of superstition with which she has been bound. It has been said that the Mexicans cannot be reached by the gospel. They are too filthy, too degraded. We have left the streets, where our heart has been saddened by the physical and spiritual poverty of this people, and entered Christian homes of exquisite neatness. We have entered schools and churches, and heard men and women singing the praises of God who had redeemed them with His blood.

Over and over again we have been told that the negro could never be civilized. He is a lower order of creation. During our visits the past month through most of the Southern States, comparing the condition of this people with former visits, it is apparent that the work of Christian missionaries and teachers is bearing rich fruit. Strong, consistent characters are being developed among this oppressed race. There is not a field where, as missionary societies, we can afford to lessen our efforts. We may, with

new conditions, change our field of labor, but the greater the need, the more urgently should we press the work.

There are three dangers that lie in the pathway of Christian progress in our country. First, the indifference of professed Christians to the salvation of those by whom they are surrounded. We marvel that any redeemed soul can be careless concerning the welfare of any human being. Yet during our journey we have heard the remark made many times concerning all nationalities: "You can never save these people."

Second, the boldly expressed infidel views which we have heard in street, railway cars, and hotels. Unbelief in a personal God, unbelief in Jesus as a Saviour, unbelief in the work of winning lost souls, scepticism which paralyzes Christian work and deadens spirituality, is one of the greatest evils with which the Christian worker has to contend.

Third, the liquor traffic is another perplexing problem which confronts the mission worker. In every hamlet and new settlement, as the train approaches, is seen the wooden shanty with saloon in large letters upon the front. Sometimes a tiny church rears its modest spire and three or four saloons surround it. In the cities and larger towns, gilded palaces entice the new-comer and the weak. Among the Chinese it is opium that makes the missionaries' words fall upon dull ears. Among the Indians, firewater, the miserable whiskey, which makes demons of men and women. In Mexico, pulque, which is sold by all classes, in the streets, at the station, and in public houses. Among the negroes of the South, and the whites of the North, strong drink is doing its deadly work. But indifference, unbelief, and strong drink are only other names for sin. Against sin in all its multitudinous forms the Christian worker must fight. If the Word is faithfully proclaimed it will not return void. Mass meetings, petitions, public utterances against evil are well. Not, however, until the Christian Church shall arise in its power and sacrifice self, personal preference, and money more lavishly than it has yet done, can this land become Immanuel's land. The inspired Word is as true to-day as it was nineteen centuries ago. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Do we as Christian workers believe that men and women are sinners? And do we believe in the remedy provided, the atoning blood of Christ?



AN editorial note on the first page of the ECHOES for January stated that petitions urging the rejection of Brigham H. Roberts as a member of the Fifty-sixth Congress were being sent to our workers throughout New England for use in their respective districts.

There has been some necessary delay in this work, but it will now be pushed as rapidly as possible, and our workers may expect to receive very soon the form of petition which they are asked to circulate.

It will be noticed that the petition calls for the *expulsion* of Mr. Roberts. It is believed by those who have thoroughly investigated the legal aspect of the question that Mr. Roberts can successfully claim his seat as a duly elected member of the Fifty-sixth Congress, but, according to the provision of the Constitution of the United States, quoted in the petition, the House can expel him immediately after he takes his seat.

There is urgent need that New England should put itself on record in this contest as unmistakably upon the side of purity and righteousness.

We have recently learned that Mr. Eugene Young, of New York, a son of Brigham Young, and a leader in the movement against Mr. Roberts, while recently in Salt Lake City "discovered the Mormons pluming themselves upon the measure of support they were receiving from Boston!"

What is attributed to Boston will be attributed in large measure also to New England as a whole.

Shall we not, one and all, do our utmost to make our voice heard and our influence felt in this great crisis?

Startling Discovery!

BY examination of the Alaska receipts we find that up to date but one hundred and forty-four Sunday schools have contributed to the Alaska mission. This number is forty-four less than that of last year at this date.

How can we raise the required amount for this mission unless our Sunday schools give us more hearty and regular support? Will the delinquent schools please hasten with their gifts. But one month of the fiscal year remains.

REV. C. P. COE, after spending a month in New England, returned to California Feb. 6th. During the month he responded as far as possible to all calls for his presence, and spoke fifty-six times among our churches and Sunday schools. We have in him a faithful, efficient missionary, and we do well to respond to his calls for help in his field of our work.

In December notice was given that every subscriber to THE ECHOES was entitled to a group picture of some of our teachers. The pictures are now ready, and will be sent to all who signify their desire for them.

REV. DR. GARNER, interpreter for the Chinese Bureau in San Francisco, has been warned that if he continues his efforts in behalf of the Chinese slave girls he will do so at the peril of his life. The "high-binders," at a recent meeting, decided to take his life if he did not cease his work.

"Are We a Nation of Murderers?"



ANY years ago a great champion of human rights declared that without agitation no reform could be accomplished, and he suffered himself to be dragged by a mob through the streets of Boston, because he believed that by so doing he would open men's eyes to the outrages being perpetrated throughout the land. Garrison stood practically alone for a long period of his life, defending the principles which he believed to be right, and he triumphed in the

end. We have now seen every State south of Mason and Dixon's line scandalized and disgraced by the murder of men of our race, whose bodies have swung between the earth and sky, in defiance of the law and in insult to justice. Are we a nation of murderers?

The time has come when we, as a race, should step forward and make united protest against this abuse of the law, this travesty of justice, which condemns the negro whenever he is accused of crime, without defence or a fair hearing, while white men, committing every outrage upon the colored man and his family and his property, aye, right here in San Francisco under the very shadow of the Stars and Stripes, are acquitted after being afforded every facility for defence. Yet the President of the United States, when lately appealed to in this very matter, declared that he was powerless to protect our race against these outrages. For a hundred years and more our brethren have been burned at the stake and sold as chattels, and condemned to death without a just hearing, and it is time for us, as men, to stand forward in their behalf.

America is the negro's home by virtue of his service, by virtue of his good citizenship, by virtue of the taxes he has paid and the work he has done in upbuilding this country. He has won a right to justice and equal rights under the law, through his brave service in 1776, in 1812, in 1848, and in 1860. He stands to-day on the southwestern frontier defending his country. The negro has done noble service for God and humanity. There is not another man on the face of the globe, who, with equal advantages and equal opportunities, has done as much. There are some who say that we have not brains equal to the white man's. I should like to remind these men that when the Anglo-Saxon was sleeping in huts and caves, and wallowing in ignorance throughout Europe, when Asia was asleep, the African was wide awake, holding the world in his hands, the master of arts and sciences.

Between the years of 1860 and 1896, 47,500 colored men, women, and children have been ruthlessly murdered in this country. Since January 5, 1897, 267 men have been lynched in this country, and all but five of them were black, yet not a single voice has been raised in their behalf. The time will come when Ethiopia will stretch forth her hand and command these abuses to cease.

REV. LIGHLEMAN BROWN.

San Francisco, Cal.

"To do God's will is the enjoyment of His angels; it should be the employment of His people."

The Problem Before Us.

THE problem before us, the Northern and Southern people together, and the Southern people in particular, is the right education and elevation of our black brother, the free negro, in our midst. Do not, beloved white brother, scare at this word "elevation." Nothing is said about putting the "negro above the white man." Let me whisper a secret in your ear: *That cannot be done unless you get below him.* Think of this, and if you find yourself underneath, blame yourself. The negro cannot rise simply because he is black; the white man cannot stay up simply because he is white. A man rises, not by the color of his skin, but by intelligence, industry, and integrity. The foremost man in these excellencies and virtues must, in the long run, be also the highest man. *And it ought to be so.* Ignorance, indolence, immorality, have no right to rise. Let the white man rise as high as he can, providing always that he does not rise by wrongs done to another. In such rising there is no real elevation. And let every other man rise to his full stature, the white, the black, the red, the yellow. No honest man, with brains in his head, doubts for one moment that it is God's will that every man he ever made of every race should make the most of the "talents" his Creator gave him.

BISHOP A. G. HAYGOOD.

Negro in Professional Life.

THE field secretary of the South African Missionary Association, Rev. Geo. W. Moore, of Nashville, has made a protracted and detailed investigation concerning the negro in professional life. He reports that in 1895-96 there were 1,319 students in professional courses in colored schools, and of these 126 were women.

There were 705 students and 76 graduates of theology, 124 students and 24 graduates in law, 286 students and 30 graduates in medicine and 6 graduates in pharmacy, and 126 students and 40 graduates in nurse training. There were 25 schools of theology, 5 schools of law, and 6 schools of medicine. In addition to these schools, which have been established for the negro in professional life, the doors of the leading colleges and universities of the North, East, and West are open to him.

Since 1895 there have been 196 graduates who received diplomas from reputable medical colleges, making a total of 805. This list does not include the large number of negro men who have graduated from Northern institutions. There are 12 schools for training colored women as nurses; 200 nurses have been trained and are in training. A hospital of Chicago is the pioneer school in this work. The Freedmen's Hospital, of Washington, D. C., is the largest hospital of the country opened to colored people. The medical department of Howard University is located at this hospital. It has graduated 253 colored doctors. There are 30 colored practising physicians in the District of Columbia. Meharry Medical College, of Nashville, Tenn., has graduated 340 men in medicine, 35 in dentistry, and 43 in pharmacy. Able corps of colored physicians are associated with white physicians as professors in five of

the six medical colleges established in the South for colored men.

There are colored medical associations in several Southern States; there is also a national association of colored physicians, and there are a number of colored physicians and surgeons in the United States army. The law department of Howard University is the largest and best school in the South open to colored men.

Quite a number of colored men have graduated from the law schools of Yale, Harvard, Boston University, and the University of Michigan.

There are about 400 colored lawyers in this country. They practise in all courts. About 1,000 seminary-trained men, and 2,000 more classed as educated, are in the ministry, making an intelligent army of colored ministers exercising a wide influence in their churches. — *Times-Democrat, New Orleans.*

THE results of Northern charity among our people have been remarkable, — a new race has been born in the South, a people rapidly developed in education, patriotism, ambition, and Christianity. The progress among the colored people has evidently alarmed many of our white people, excited the most intense prejudice, and legislative influence is being used to humiliate the race. There is, however, this consolation: You cannot legislate manhood and brains out of a man, nor can you legislate superiority into a man. The colored people of this State need now more than ever before the helping hand of Northern philanthropy. Is it wrong to educate a colored man? Is it wrong to grant him an equal chance in the race of life? Let the Christian conscience of the American people reply. Our schools are making men and women intelligent, ambitious, and manly, that is all. We beg your continued help and prayers. REV. C. S. BROWN,

President Waters Normal Institute, North Carolina.

FORTY years ago Elder Jacob Knapp, at Burlington, Iowa, predicted that the great battle of Armageddon would be fought in the Mississippi Valley. The conflict has already begun. Our great republic is invaded on both her shores by hosts of Popery, infidelity, and heathenism. Her existence is threatened by swarms of ignorant foreigners already endowed with the sacred right of suffrage, but saturated with the poison of anarchy and communism, and thus incapable of appreciating the genius of a free government.

God has not been unmindful of us. He has held a mighty force in reserve for us. Eight millions of *native Americans*, thoroughly loyal to our free institutions, unswervingly Protestant in their religious convictions, are at our service, lacking nothing but intelligence and leadership to make them a power for God and liberty. They see and feel the possibilities before them, and eagerly seek to be trained for action. Shall we accept them as allies, and marshal their forces, and bring them to the front?

REV. E. C. MITCHELL.

Leland University, New Orleans, La.

Jackson, Miss.

DEAR ECHOES: Six girls from Jackson College bring you greeting. All have studied here several years and are now at work among their people. Two are teachers in country schools, one is a music teacher, two are home-keepers, and the other has not yet left the parental roof. Our school labors to send out just such young women as leaders in this 'Black Belt of Mississippi. We work to transform the noisy, romping girl, from the cotton field and the potato patch, into a quiet, dignified, and ladylike young woman, fitted for effective service.

This year the proportion of students in our academic



GREETING.

department is much larger than ever before. This is encouraging, for our purpose is to push this department and to leave off the elementary work. A number of students are successfully pursuing the classical course. We have three classes in Latin and one in Greek. This is especially gratifying in view of the fact that the yellow fever of the last two years has seriously affected the attendance, and prevented many advanced students from returning. And again, the early rains injured the cotton crop, and later ones prevented picking. Much is even now unpicked. So all are poor. The necessity for student aid was never greater than now.

People from the country also claim attention. Women with large families come from twelve, fifteen, and even twenty miles after second-hand clothing from our store-room. The picture shows a typical group.

Recently a mother of fourteen children told me that neither of them had either shoes nor stockings. This was in our coldest weather. Our supply of shoes was exhausted. We would be glad of more, as well as of any other articles for distribution. Another mother, who had just buried her husband, had ten children left for her to support. She brought a very ragged boy with her and said that the little ones at home were nearly naked. Through the kindness of friends in the North, we gave them garments. This outside missionary work is much appreciated by the people. We have just been cheered by a visit from Mrs. Reynolds. She gave a most interesting and helpful address in our chapel. Both students and teachers would be glad to see her oftener.

(MRS. L. G.) ELLA M. BARRETT.

From San Antonio to Atlanta.



WE left San Antonio Tuesday night at 9:30, reaching New Orleans, La., Wednesday, at 6 P.M. We were met at the train by Rev. E. C. Mitchell, President of Leland University, and soon found ourselves in his delightful home, where we were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Mitchell.

Leland University was founded in 1870 for the higher education of such men and women as desired to fit themselves for Christian citizenship, either as ministers, teachers, or tradesmen. It is open to all persons who are fitted to enjoy its advantages, without distinction of race, color, or religious opinions. The university owes its existence to the late Holbrook Chamberlain, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., who erected the buildings, assisted in its management, and at his death left to it the bulk of his property, about \$100,000, as an endowment fund, the interest of which goes to the payment of teachers. The university is situated on St. Charles Avenue, between Audubon Place and Audubon Street, nearly opposite Audubon Park. No more beautiful or healthful location could be found in New Orleans.

University Hall is of brick, 100 x 80 feet, three stories above the basement. Here are the chapel, recitation



COUNTRY WOMEN.

rooms, library, museum, office, and rooms for the president, professors, and male students, besides accommodations in the basement for industrial shops, printing-offices, etc.

Chamberlain Hall is also of brick, three stories high, 100 x 50 feet, in which are the rooms of the preceptress (Mrs. Mitchell), and lady teachers and the young lady pupils, also music-rooms, boarding, laundry, and industrial rooms for the girls.

Leland University has also under its charge auxiliary schools in the vicinity of New Orleans: Howe Institute at New Iberia, Leland Academy at Donaldsonville, Industrial High School at Monroe, and Normal Institute at Ruston. Doctor Mitchell has rich gifts of education and experience

in educational institutions, while Mrs. Mitchell, with rare tact, a cultivated mind, and a warm Christian heart, exerts a wonderful influence upon the school. The teachers and professors are men and women of ability and consecration. We shall not soon forget the loving hospitality extended by the workers in this Southern city.

Jackson, Miss.

A ride of a few hours brought us to Jackson, Miss. Here we found at Jackson College Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, with their hands and hearts taxed to their utmost limit. The school is much smaller than usual, owing to yellow fever, which delayed its opening. These efficient workers are greatly encouraged in their work, however. The interest in the school was never greater than at the present time. Intense earnestness seems to pervade all the classes. No detail is too small to evade the watchful eye of Mr. or Mrs. Barrett. All departments, from the kitchen to the higher classes in mathematics, have the careful supervision of these tireless workers. We had the pleasure of meeting the assistant teachers in their cosy dining-room. How much a building for girls is needed! Will not some one who has means donate money for this purpose?

Gibbsland.

We left Jackson very reluctantly, and took the Queen and Crescent route for Gibbsland, La., a day's journey from Jackson. A phase of negro life we had never seen was now granted us. The fields of cotton which the recent heavy rains have prevented the laborers from picking met our eyes as the train rushed on from town to town, — many negroes, few whites, around the stations, — negro cars, which are the rule and not the exception. When the train stopped at the little town of Gibbsland, we asked ourselves if there were any whites, so many black faces were around us! We felt sure that the best interests of Coleman Academy demanded we should make the hotel our headquarters during our stay. The Academy is a mile from the town, over a very rough and dangerous carriage road. We were agreeably surprised at the appearance of the school. Thrift and exquisite neatness marked the premises. The girls' dormitories were very plain, but much taste was shown in their adornment. About one hundred and fifty young men and women, thoroughly in earnest, were in the class-room. This school needs help. The chapel is of the plainest sort, and they have been unable to partition off the main hall into class-rooms for lack of funds. The inconvenience of having four large classes in one room can be imagined. The seats are old-fashioned benches, and the blackboards are not suitable for the work. Professor Coleman has labored heroically for twelve years. He has never begged of the North for the work; but with the help of the young men they have erected rude buildings, while the women have gone among the colored people and secured such aid as they in their poverty could give. The white people of the town have helped them what they could, but they are very poor.

They speak in high terms of Professor Coleman and his work. The landlady at the hotel, who is a Southern woman, told me that the negroes had been much improved by the school, and the citizens would be sorry to have

it removed. "They have better school buildings than we have," she said. Gibbsland is in the extreme western part of Louisiana, near the Texas line. By the courtesy of the Queen and Crescent Railroad officials we were enabled to make the trip from New Orleans at half rates.

Atlanta.

We left Gibbsland at 10.30 Friday morning, and reached Meridian, Miss., at 10.30 at night. At 1.30 in the morning, Saturday, we started for Birmingham, Ala., reaching there at 5.30 the same morning, and made immediate connection for Atlanta, Ga., where we arrived in time to dine with the teachers of Spelman Seminary. The appearance of the grounds of this school has been greatly improved by the purchase of additional land, the gift of a friend, thereby removing many unsightly cottages. When the improvements have all been made which are needed, the school will have the finest property of any institution of the South. Much money is needed, however, to carry on the work. The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society is the only mission society which gives money to this school. We are supporting teachers. This school is such a blessing to the colored women and to the race. If it could have an ample endowment of \$500,000, we believe it would do much towards settling many of the vexed race problems which are agitating this Southland. We heartily wish that this endowment could be speedily provided, so that the burden of anxiety for the maintenance of the school may be lifted from the faithful president, Miss Giles.

M. C. REYNOLDS.

A Vital Question.

WITHIN the last few years the Government has come to realize that the Indians are not foreign nations but members of the American nation, and as such subject to its responsibilities and entitled to its rights. Among these rights is that of a public school education. While General Morgan was Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a system was initiated entitling all Indian children of school age residing on the reservation to secular education. One denomination after another has accepted this conclusion and have ceased to ask for money from the Government to carry on schools under church control. The Roman Catholic Church is the only denomination left which asks for public money for its religious work. Five years ago Congress sought to avoid a sudden change of policy, and voted to decrease gradually the amount appropriated to the Roman Catholic Church by twenty per cent. each year until, at the expiration of five years, the appropriation should cease. The five years have now expired, and Cardinal Gibbons has issued a petition asking for a reopening of the question. Surely the question is of enough moment for churches and societies, as well as individuals, to send in a vigorous protest to the committee upon Indian affairs against any policy so contrary to our American ideas.

M. C. R.

Not many lives but only one have we,
One, only one.

How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span!

That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
—Horatius Bonar.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

THE Home Mission Society and the denomination has suffered a great loss by the death of Rev. H. C. Woods, D. D., who entered into rest at his home in Pasadena, Cal., February 6th. For many years he has heroically persisted in the prosecution of his work as superintendent of Western missions, suffering all the while from pulmonary trouble, to which at last he succumbed. He was a man of singularly sweet Christian character, yet with the strong resolution and high purpose of which heroes are made; an engaging preacher and platform speaker; a man of large administrative ability, wise and tactful in the management of difficult matters, with which he often had to deal as superintendent of missions for many years, of mission work in the Rocky Mountain region, and later, also, of the Pacific coast. All over that vast region, in Baptist circles especially, long will the delightful fragrance of his life remain to bless and to inspire others to noble Christian living.

ONCE more friends of Home Missions are reminded that the Home Mission Society, having had thrust upon it new mission fields requiring immediate cultivation, and having already sent missionaries thither, needs enlarged offerings for this new work. Furthermore, unless receipts are better for March than for preceding months, the Society is in danger of having a deficit April 1st, when the fiscal year closes. Let this last month of its year show anew the love and loyalty and liberality of American Baptists to their great and comprehensive and alert Home Mission Society.

IF you have not seen the announcement of special rates to the May anniversaries in San Francisco, write to Mr. W. W. Main, Tremont Temple, Boston, for a circular of information, if you have any thought whatever of going. The trip will be a memorable one.

AGAIN we venture the remark that many a Baptist church would honor itself by giving its faithful pastor a month's vacation in May, and presenting him with a purse of \$200 or thereabouts, to enable him to attend the anniversaries at San Francisco.

WHO wants to make a special excursion, from San Francisco to Hawaii, after the anniversaries? The trip can be made in about three weeks at a cost of about \$140. If a company of ten or more could be made up, lower rates may be secured. Any who desire to go may write to the Field Secretary of the Home Mission Society, New York.

Departure of Missionaries to Cuba and Porto Rico.

WITHIN three weeks after their appointment, the missionaries of the American Baptist Home Mission Society were on their way to Cuba and Porto Rico.

Rev. H. R. Moseley, D. D., left Miami, Fla., by steamer Jan. 27th, going to Nassau, there to take steamer from New York to Santiago, expecting to reach his destination the 31st.

Rev. H. P. McCormick took steamer *Philadelphia* from New York City, Jan. 28th, direct to San Juan, Porto Rico, expecting to arrive there in four or five days, the distance being 1,426 miles. They will soon send us interesting facts about their work.

THE Home Mission Society's small pamphlet on Porto Rico, with map and illustrations, is now ready, and will be sent to New England applicants by Dr. F. T. Hazlewood, District Secretary, Tremont Temple, Boston, to whom requests for copies should be addressed.

ANOTHER pamphlet on Cuba will be ready about March 1st. Part of it appears in this number of ECHOES. The remainder will be devoted chiefly to the religious condition of the people, and particularly to conditions in Eastern Cuba, which is the special mission field of the Society.

"The Brightest Day Yet."

FROM our colored brethren, laboring under the plan of coöperation in the South, come words of hopefulness, notwithstanding discouragements which they have encountered. Rev. P. S. Lewis, general missionary for Virginia, says:

"I have been travelling night and day, and working as best I could to advance the cause of missions. The way seems hard and discouraging sometimes, but when I look back and see the depths from which we have ascended, I am persuaded that this is the brightest day that has yet dawned upon us as a race and denomination, and feel that there is a brighter day coming."

THE article on "The Future of the Negro" is by the pastor of the colored Baptist Church in Buffalo, and shows what training, such as he received at Wayland Seminary, does for the colored man. This brother is held in high estimation by his brethren in the ministry in Buffalo.

THE Baptists of the North have expended in educational work for the negroes since the war, nearly three million dollars, and they are spending now more than a hundred thousand dollars every year, to carry it on.

The Negro's Future in America.



THE negro's future in America involves questions of no small magnitude. As we start out upon this unknown sea, the only compass by which we can be guided is the past history and present condition of the people in question. We have outgrown many of the false conceptions held by American historians and scientists of fifty years ago—that we were not human; that we were not capable of civilization; that we could not make American citizens. And yet there are many other false conceptions regarding us held by men of to-day—that we are not fit to

enjoy the social privileges of a civilized people; that we are not capable of participating in the business corporations of our country; that we are not prepared intelligently to use the right of franchise, and that the time has not come for us to have religious and ecclesiastical equality. We know it will take some time for us entirely to outgrow these false ideas; but in two hundred years the negro has risen in the minds of all intelligent Americans from a brute to a human being; from a beast of burden to a man of responsibility; from an ignorant slave to an intelligent citizen; from a sceptical heathen to a devout Christian; from an impulsive emotionalist to a reasoning thinker. But, notwithstanding these great steps, these grand victories, we are not drunk with prosperity, but look forward to even greater achievements. The negro's future in America is dependent to a great extent upon his own deportment and effort, but it depends to a much greater extent upon the actions of the white citizen towards him.

The negro must ever be looked upon as an important member of the American family; this family cannot be divided up into nationalities without detriment to the prosperity of the nation. Each must feel that he is an American citizen, possessing the same rights and living under the same obligations. The negro cannot be ignored by his white fellow citizen; but the recognition must not be forced through political affiliation nor religious associations, but it must be spontaneous and from sincere hearts. The nation from its beginning has had at least two distinct elements in her make-up, one strong and the other weak. The weak has always been dependent upon the strong, and the strong has been obligated to the weak. This rule must remain the same when applied to the negro. As in the past, so in the future, the negro must continue to be the weaker element of this our great nation, and as the earth receives light and heat from the sun, so must the negro receive light and power from that part of the nation which is stronger.

The negro of the future will not be contented with a smile and a pat on the shoulder. He will not be satisfied to be considered only the object of charity and sympathy. His desire and aim will be to take his place among men, whether they be black or white, and to assume responsibilities in every department of American life. The negro

of the past has failed to succeed in many departments of our American life, simply because he has been ignored by those who have been able to help him. He has been made to feel that he amounted to nothing, even though he be free. As we observe the recognition which is coming to worthy negroes now from his stronger friends, we think we are justified in saying that the negro of the future will partake, in no small measure, of every phase of American progress. In the future, politics will not ask, is he a negro, but is he a statesman? society will not ask, is he black, but is he refined and cultured? religion will not ask, what is his color, but what is the character of his heart? The future negro must be left to choose his own vocations, his own politics, his own religion, and his own society. The future negro will not be regarded a heretic because he is not a Baptist or Methodist; he will not be regarded an anarchist if he happen to be a Populist, or Socialist, or Prohibitionist, or a Democrat and not a Republican; he will not be regarded a lazy loafer if he happens to be something other than a drawer of water and a hewer of wood. The negro has many stars to which to look as he plods along the rough road to the bright future.

It does seem that, in our land of Christianity, the religion which we in common with our white fellow citizens profess should be the brightest of all the stars to lead us on to the time of equality according to worth, but, alas! we look in vain, for in our religious circles there is only an egg-like equality, which breaks all to pieces when pressed a little. There are churches and other religious institutions that want to hear a negro only when he is telling some pathetic story or begging money for his own people, as we are kindly called. The negro of the future will know no people as his people by their color, but he will recognize men according to their condition.

—Rev. J. E. Nash, in *Baptist Outlook*, Buffalo.

What the Home Mission Society Does.

AN organization dignified, large, far-reaching, and a discriminative and necessary outlet for the forth-putting of spiritual life, is always needed.

Men have gone forth independently, and preached in destitute places of our Western country, and God has blessed their labors. Yet much rich, desirable, and possible fruit of such toil has often been lost. Converts in great numbers have made no mark on the religious world, and added nothing to the uplifting of Christian civilization, and for the reason that they were converts, and nothing more. They were saved—saved with an everlasting salvation; yet saved as by, or after the fashion of, wind. You heard the sound thereof, but you could not tell whence they came, nor, alas! whither they went.

It may be claimed that this independent, itinerate work was the apostolic way. But I beg leave to say it was not the apostolic way. Itinerate apostles not only preached and made converts, but they organized them into churches, and brethren and churches at Jerusalem, Antioch, Philippi, and elsewhere combined and cooperated in encouraging, edifying, and maintaining such new interests.

This is what the American Baptist Home Mission

Society is doing. It seeks not only to save people, but to make churches out of them, to help them in securing pastors, and to aid them in building houses of worship. It seeks to evangelize, to organize, to indoctrinate, to make permanent the fruits of the grace of God. Its very name conveys the stirring idea of a great patriotic, orthodox, evangelistic organization—The American Baptist Home Mission Society.

And its abundant labors, its multiplied activities, its splendid measure of tangible results, entitle it to front and glorious rank among the agencies evolved in God's providence for the uplifting of humanity.

In its magnificent history, it has sent forth 20,000 laborers, organized 5,100 churches, stimulated the building of 1,700 meeting-houses, preached 1,800,000 sermons, made 4,600,000 religious visits, baptized 150,000 converts, and received for Christ and expended for Christ ten million dollars. And could such work in such measure ever be done in any other way?

As forty men, or four hundred, cannot do the work of God in any city as that work ought to be done, unless they are in some fashion related, so forty churches, or four thousand, or forty thousand, cannot do the work of God in this great country as it ought to be done, unless they are combined and related.

Bay City, Mich.

REV. HENRY A. SUMRELL.

Cuba.

REV. H. L. MOREHOUSE, Field Secretary.

UBA is the western extremity of a submarine mountain range running southeasterly about two thousand miles. The hundreds of islands in the Antilles are lofty peaks, whose base is from 10,000 to 25,000 feet below sea level, and whose highest summit, in Santo Domingo, is 12,000 feet above. From lowest ocean valley to cloud-capped peak, more than seven miles! Were the sea to be no more, here would appear some of the sublimest scenery on the globe.

Cuba itself is 760 miles in length,—nearly seven times that of Long Island; its greatest width, 135 miles; its average width, about 30 miles. Surrounding this "Queen

of the Antilles" are seven hundred and thirty island sentinels. In the Province of Santiago its highest peak rises 8,600 feet above, sloping precipitously 18,000 feet below the surface of the sea. Its area of 45,000 square miles is nearly three-fourths that of New England, about equal to that of Pennsylvania, and one-eighth more than that of Ohio. It is the fairest, the most fertile, and the most diversified of the tropical islands, and is justly called "The Pearl of the Antilles."

It occupies a strategic position, being 96 miles from Key West, Florida, and 130 miles from Yucatan; while Haiti,

54 miles, and Jamaica, 85 miles distant, are visible from the East. Westward, through the Yucatan Straits, into the Gulf of Mexico, flows a mighty mass of heated water equal to about 300,000 Mississippi Rivers, emerging through the Florida Straits, in the wonderful Gulf Stream that pushes itself thousands of miles through the ocean with balmy blessings to the shores of Northern Europe. When one or more canals shall be cut across the Central American Isthmus, 700 miles south, Cuba will lie in the



GROUP OF GIRLS, SANTIAGO.

course of the enormous maritime commerce between the two oceans, her splendid harbors affording ample anchorage for the fleets of the world.

Discovered by Columbus on his first voyage, on October 28, 1492, Cuba received his ashes at Havana with great pomp, where they remained until January, 1899, when this dead and the living representatives of Spanish dominion were transferred finally and forever to Spain. Between these two events, separated by 406 years, Cuba, cursed by tyrannical Spanish misrule, presented to the world a sorry spectacle and a striking contrast to the progress of the American Republic less than a hundred miles away. The first colonists, who, under the leadership of Velasquez, the son of Columbus, settled at Baracoa in 1511, and founded Santiago in 1514 and Havana in 1519, proceeded at once to enslave and otherwise maltreat the large and inoffensive Indian population, which in large numbers committed suicide, were swept off by small-pox, some fleeing to Florida, until within forty years they were almost annihilated.

Slavery.

The first African slaves brought to the New World came

to Cuba in 1524. The proud and indolent Spaniard, abhorring manual labor, in 1534 asked the home government for "7,000 negro slaves for Cuba that they might be inured to labor before the Indians ceased to exist." It was the beginning of the awful traffic that continued for more than 300 years, and in which other European nations, as well as our own, were engaged. Into the English West Indies, according to English authorities, 2,130,000 negro slaves were imported in about one hundred years from 1680 to 1786. Prior to 1763, only 60,000 had been brought to Cuba. Until 1789 the Spanish slave-trade had been a monopoly; after that it was free to all, and received such an impetus that from 1789 to 1820 225,000 negroes were brought to Cuba; from 1817 to 1842, 335,000; from 1842 to 1852, 35,000. It is said that 40,000 slaves were landed in Cuba in 1860. In 1865 Spain denounced slave-trading as piracy. It is estimated that nearly one million negroes were brought to Cuba, some of whom as late as 1859 were surreptitiously taken to the Southern States and sold. The proposition of the Spanish Cortes, in 1812, to abolish the African slave-trade was strenuously opposed by the Cubans, and the law of 1820 against it was disregarded. Early in 1878, after a long struggle with the insurgents, many of whom were negroes, amnesty was declared and freedom was promised to every slave who had helped, or would help, the Spanish forces in putting down the rebellion; and after July 4th of that year every child born of a slave mother and every slave attaining to the age of sixty years should be free. This action of the Cuban authorities was ratified by the Spanish Cortes, and formally promulgated in February, 1880. The mass of the negro population remained slaves, and were bought and sold publicly until 1887, when the total abolition of slavery throughout the island was decreed.

Another kind of servitude has also existed in Cuba. When, by the act of the Spanish Cortes in 1845, the importation of African slaves into Cuba was made a criminal offence, the traffic was so seriously checked by 1847 that Cuban planters, with the growing sugar industry, began to cast about for other cheap labor. This resulted in the introduction of large numbers of Chinese coolies from 1848, onward, only five years after some Chinese ports were opened to the world. It is estimated that 100,000 Chinese contract laborers were brought to Cuba, of whom probably 30,000 remain,—a peculiar people, enforced celibates, leading a life of drudgery, despised by the whites and detested by the negroes.

The Colored Population.

About one-third of the population of Cuba is of African descent. Of this 520,000, according to the census of 1887, it is estimated that one-half are mulattos. The majority are descendants of more than a half million Africans imported during this century. The mass had no educational advantages; indeed, Cuban planters prohibited the priests from teaching them the Catechism, lest even such knowledge might make them less tractable. Negroes in the plantation districts, therefore, have made but little progress. Those who served as domestics, and in other and closer relations with the whites of the cities, acquired general information and refinement. It is claimed that they were superior to the majority of slaves in the United States, partly because,

even in slavery, "they possessed the four rights of free marriage, of seeking a new master at their option, of purchasing freedom by labor, and of acquiring property." And, unlike the custom in the United States, in Cuba the disruption of slave families by sale was forbidden.

How the mulatto of Spanish extraction, in Cuba, compares with the mulatto of Saxon extraction in the Southern States is not altogether clear. Apparently the former has much of the hot Castilian temper; is more restless and impetuous than his kin across the Straits. Antonio Maceo and his brother, who figured so conspicuously in the recent war, were free mulattos, sons of a Cuban planter. In 1829, there was an uprising led by "The Black Eagle," and in 1844 an insurrection of the black population, while in the recent war negroes constituted a large percentage of the Cuban army. Ecclesiastical restrictions against intermarriage of whites and blacks were removed in 1850. Their moral standards, naturally enough, are low, for the mass have had but little religious instruction, and that of the Roman Catholic Order. The law required purchasers of imported slaves to teach them a few rudiments of the Roman Catholic religion, so that in a year after their arrival they might be baptized and become members of the Church.

While, therefore, nominally Catholics, that form of religion has only a slight hold upon their intellects, their sensibilities, for, with the Cubans, they have hated the Spanish priests, who chiefly have controlled the affairs of the church in Cuba, sympathizing with the civil and military authorities in the subjugation of the people. It is believed that they present a hopeful field for evangelic labor; indeed, many recent converts are from their ranks. Not unlikely, educated negro ministers, from the Home Mission Society's schools in the South, may bear a worthy part in bringing their Cuban kindred to a knowledge of the truth.

(To be Continued.)



WATER-CARRIER, SANTIAGO, CUBA.

A Visit to Southern Schools.

AT Spelman we found more than four hundred girls that are being trained in the different departments, as follows: Printing, 25; nurse training, 30; dressmaking, 45; missionary training, 3; normal professional, 18; college preparatory, 5; college, 2; advanced cooking, 12.

The larger number of the students are in the academic department, which is about equal to the Northern high school. The whole school is trained in common sewing, cooking, laundry work, and housekeeping. Everything moves like clock-work, from the time the first bell rings in the morning, until the lights are turned out at night.

Spelman is doing for the negro women of the South what Vassar and similar schools are doing for the North.

One of the great needs at Spelman is a good hospital. It goes without saying that no class of people make more tender or patient nurses than the black race. Those students in the nurse training department need rigid discipline and practical training at the sick bedside. And this necessitates a well-organized hospital for practice.

In the hospitals of the South, negroes cannot obtain private rooms for surgical operations.

To the small, poorly equipped hospital at Spelman, people are constantly applying for admission for treatment. Atlanta is in the centre of the negro population, and a good hospital at Spelman would soon become largely self-supporting. Both teachers and students are praying that some one or more persons will furnish two thousand dollars for this great need.

Atlanta Baptist College.

Here we find President Sale and his corps of efficient teachers. The young men in this school are of the best class, most of them earnest Christians of the real missionary spirit. I was told by leading citizens "that the best preachers and leaders in Georgia came from this school." One of the State officials said to me: "The Home Mission Society has reason to be proud of its work in maintaining these schools in the South. At first the Southern people were bitterly opposed to these schools, but now sentiment is rapidly changing. Had it not been for the wise counsel of the men and women who have gone out from them, during the last fall there would have been one of the bloodiest uprisings in the South that this country has ever seen."

The majority of the men and women trained in these schools make good citizens and wise leaders. Within the last three months, many of the white people who would have rejoiced at the destruction of these schools have become their staunch friends, and look to these institutions as the safeguards of the South, and will be glad when they are endowed and made permanent.

Nashville, Tennessee, is a city of colleges for both races. Here is located Roger Williams University. It is located on a beautiful campus of thirty-seven acres, near the great Vanderbilt University. The school is poorly equipped in the way of buildings and apparatus. Central Tennessee College (Methodist), with its large medical department, draws students from all parts of the country. Fisk University (Congregational) has very large, substantial, modern buildings. These buildings are well equipped in every par-

ticular. Their new chapel, with seating capacity of 2,500, is indeed a gem. The grounds are large, beautiful, and kept in exquisite taste. With only a handful of Congregationalists in the South, this Society spends as much money for this one school as is spent on half a dozen of the Home Mission Schools. While the teachers and students at Roger Williams see and keenly feel the contrast in their surroundings, they are loyal, and are hoping and praying for better things. No college in Tennessee has a better record morally, and as to standard of scholarship, than Roger Williams. This school needs \$150,000; \$50,000 of this should go into female dormitories, library, reading-rooms, chapel, and beautifying the campus, etc. Tennessee is a Baptist State, and when Roger Williams has the needed buildings, hundreds of Baptist students, now in other schools, will crowd her halls.

MRS. WILLIAM SCOTT.

Work Among the Japanese in Seattle.

A VERY interesting and hopeful work has been in progress among the Japanese in Seattle, Wash., since 1892, when a night school was organized under the special direction of a Japanese laborer. Soon there were nine converts. During the summer of 1892 a Sunday school or Bible class was organized, and in the fall a building was rented for organized work. Three young converts gave up secular callings, and devoted themselves to work among their countrymen in Seattle and some adjacent places. The following year a Japanese Y. M. C. A. was organized, and a building secured for this purpose, and for a home for the Japanese. During 1893 thirteen were baptized. About two years ago one of the number returned to Japan, there to preach the gospel; he has been quite successful in his labors. A Japanese woman who was rescued was converted, and has also returned to Japan to labor as a Bible woman. Those converted have united mainly with the Tabernacle Church. There are twenty-three Japanese Baptists now in Seattle, among five hundred of their own countrymen, besides about one hundred and fifty at Port Blakely. The number is being steadily increased by others from Japan. The work, as a whole, is so important as to attract the attention of others, and to raise the question whether we should not engage in an effort to train these converts more systematically in preparation for missionary work when they return to their own land. It may be that from these laborers some will go to bear the gospel to their countrymen in Hawaii.

Indian University: Tokens of Success.

A SPIRIT of deep inquiry is among the students. Two of our best young men have been recently converted, and nearly every one of our young ladies are already Christians. The prospect now is that nearly every one of our young men will speedily become Christians. They are looking forward to it as something they both desire and expect. The two students who are just converted are both Indian boys, and are among our best pupils.

J. H. SCOTT, President.

Bacon, Ind. Ter.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Our Girls.

Voices from Spelman.

THE following is a copy of a letter sent in answer to an appeal from a lady in Alabama for something for the missionary meeting of her society.

It may be equally helpful and interesting to our New England girls as they, also, gather material for their meetings.

Dear Friends:—Miss Packard requested me to write you a letter, telling you something about myself and my native land, as you are to have a meeting on Africa.

We are three in number from that dark land of ours, at least we used to be four of us beside the present number; but the other went back in the summer of '95, and is now helping Rev. Joseph Clark on Lake Matumba. I expect to join her this coming spring, if nothing prevents. This is my sixth and I expect my last year in Spelman. I am so anxious to go that it seems as though the time is not coming fast enough for me.

When I think of the little children, and the old, that are groping in ignorance dark as the night, no blessed Bible to give them the light, I almost wish I had wings of a dove, that I might fly over the sea, so as to do things that I can, even though they may be small. The little that I try to do for Him will be precious in His sight.

Now, dear friends, I will not ask for riches; but I will only ask you to remember me in your prayers, that I may be a help to my people, as simple as I am in book learning; that I may make Him my teacher. For He who once taught the disciples will do the same to them who trust in Him.

Our little Flora Howard is doing nicely; she is now nine years old. She can play a piano and sew and read, and, in fact, is smart in everything, seemingly. Now, I suppose you will wonder who is this little girl I am talking about. Well, as I have already told you that we are three who came from Africa, little Flora is our third one. She came with a missionary by the name of Miss Howard. She was a missionary in Africa four years, and while there she had charge of a school of both girls and boys. Among them was little Flora. She was sold to the missionaries as a slave, and so Miss Howard took her and adopted her as her own child, and brought her to America to be educated.

But I must not tell much about her, for fear I will not have room enough to tell you little about myself. I was taken up and sold as a slave, same way like Flora. I did not know how I came to be with the missionaries, being so small. But I remember a little; when I first waited on a table, I thought I was having severe punishment to stand and wait on people eating. I thought I was quite insulted, so I made up my mind to sit on the floor. "Nkebani, you must stand up to wait on table;" to this I wouldn't pay any attention. I would sit down until they had gotten through eating, then I would stand up slowly and clear the table. I would take two dishes at a time, placing one on a top of my head. "Nkebani," says one of the station-boys, "you must not put dishes on a top of your head or else you will break them." I tried to break myself from the habit, but it was very hard for me.

I am sorry, indeed, that I cannot give or tell you of my early history. But I hope what I have given you will interest your meeting. And I wish you a good success. I must now close, for my lessons are waiting for me. With hearty wishes.

From your friend,

MAGGIE G. RATTRAY.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 8, 1899.

ONE of Spelman's graduates of last year, Miss Lillian T. Decatur, writes to *Spelman Messenger* from Cuthbert, Ga., where she is teaching, as follows:

"I find the religious atmosphere out in the world so different from that of my school life. Many a time do I wish to be in just one of Spelman's warm prayer-meetings or Christian Endeavor meetings. I also find myself wishing that I might spend the whole of my life at Spelman, but that is a vain wish. The Lord needs me to work in His vineyard. Tell the girls to make good use of every golden opportunity, because the world needs them, and when they grow tired, worried over hard studies, that one writer says, 'It is the full ear of corn that hangs its head at harvest-time and is beautiful in the sight of the reapers.'"

Oft, Master, dear, the tiniest work for Thee
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought;
And feeble hands that work but trembly,
The richest colors in the fabric wrought.
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To work or suffer as Thy choice may be;
Forsaking what Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee.

—Exchange.

Our Little folks.



"The Somebodies."

OUR picture reminds us of some little boys and girls that we know who love to do "Sunshine errands." *Children's Home Missions* has some sweet lines written about a little girl in Canada who, through a long cold winter, such as we have been having, used to go every day from her beautiful home to visit an old sick woman who was very poor.

Somebody came to see Nobody once;
Nobody's poor, you know,
And Nobody's old and Nobody's sad;
So Somebody came through the snow.

Nobody's days are drear and dark,
Like autumn days with rain;
When Somebody came it was sunshine and showers,
Which glistened and gleamed again.

What He Could Do.

"MAMMA," said a little boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should like so much to do something for Him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow do for Jesus?"

"Why, mother, I could run errands for Him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here are some things I was going to send to poor sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them, and do an errand for Jesus; for when He was on earth He said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"
— *Children's Record*.

Bruce's Boarders.

MRS. FOSTER was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair, and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock, went somebody's

fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap, or say "Come in!" the door opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh," as a fair, curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew! Well, Bruce, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin plate, "won't you please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, ma'am; the birds, you know. So many of 'em come now, since the snow, that I don't have enough to give them; so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner."

And the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin plate travelled backward and forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the snow-covered ledge of that third-story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds; more than he knew of, as is the case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought Mrs. Foster. "He gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now there's Mrs. Irwin; she has enough cast-offs to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone. "Why, to be sure, if you think that red dress that Mary has just laid aside would do any good."

And before the visit was over Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home; enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors, too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this; but the Heavenly Father, whose care is over all His creatures, smiled down upon the little boy. — *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

A Little Brown Brother.

HE opened his eyes, for the first time, on a bleak winter's day, and, although wide cotton fields of the "Sunny South" surrounded the cabin where his mother lived, these fields were white with snow now, while the harsh wind rattled the empty cotton-bolls left clinging to the stalks. But the baby was warm and snug, even though he had no pretty cradle to sleep in, with its soft blankets and clean, white sheets, such as furnish your little brother's cradle. Little Abe's cradle bed was only a pillow, stuffed with hay, and covered with a not very clean case. This pillow lay in a rickety chair, which creaked noisily when Polly "rocked" it to keep the baby quiet. The coverlet for this cradle was an old shawl, and, underneath the faded black and red squares, Abe slumbered peacefully during the winter days, drawn close beside the hearth, where a log fire

blazed and crackled. He was as happy as any little prince or President's baby, for he did not yet know that there was anything better to sleep on than his lumpy pillow, and his little sister's voice was sweet as she hushed him to sleep.

Fat Abe did not remain a baby very long. After a few years his brown legs were strong enough to carry him to the cotton patch, and his fingers soon grew nimble enough to pick his hundred pounds of cotton a day while there was cotton to be picked. I have many a time seen his dark eyes peeping merrily at me from under the brim of his torn hat, as he straightened his back, and called, "Howd'ye" to me from the cotton rows, as I whizzed past on my bicycle. Do you think he liked to stand out in the hot sun or drizzling rain all day long and pick bits of cotton into a bag slung over his shoulder, and then have not a cent of the money he made for himself? Mammy and pappy and Polly were cotton pickers, too, and it took all they could make together to pay the rent of the log cabin, and to provide cornbread and bacon for the family. Would you like to work as many hours a day as a grown man or woman?

Abe, therefore, grew too large for the chair-bed, and by and by was sent to sleep up the ladder, in a little room

Abe was sent to school for a few months each year after the cotton crop was gathered in, but school-books were scarce, and the scholars many, and he never owned a book all to himself. If you knew little Abe, I think you would look up the old arithmetics and geographies and readers tucked away out of sight in your home, and share them with the little brown brother, wouldn't you?

There is no space to tell you any more about Abe, but I think you will have read enough to see that his lot in life is different in many ways from yours. So are the lives of all the little brown brothers and sisters in the Southland. Can you not think of some way of sharing the pleasures and comforts of your life with them? Can you not help to teach them that we all have the same Father, who "seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—*Kind Words.*

The Colored Children's Procession.

Dear Little Folks:—We thought you would like the story of the "Little Brown Brother." We know there are children in the South who live as Abe did, because we have seen a great many of their homes.

We have also seen the colored boys and girls stowing away in bags tied around their waists the cotton they have picked. Sometimes those who are anxious to learn can save part of their earnings to help them in school, and then how glad they are.

You can get an idea of the great mass of negro children in our country,



whose ceiling was the roof. He could stand up in the middle of the room, but his pallet was laid at one side, where he could touch the boards of the roof with his hands as he lay. In the winter, little drifts of snow would heap about his pallet during the night, but Abe was strong and healthy, and rarely took cold. Besides, as he always wore his day clothes all night, and had an old quilt to wrap about him, he slept snugly.

By this time, however, he was beginning to know that some other boys had beds and blankets and weather-proof rooms. On his way to the store, he often met boys wearing stout shoes and pretty suits of clothes, with caps or hats which had never been worn by other boys first. Some of these were brown boys like himself, but most of them were white. Another difference he began to see as he got older was that there were no books and papers and pictures in his home, such as he saw lying about in the houses he entered every week, with the clean clothes his mother had washed for the "white folks." There was a Bible at home, it is true, but nobody read it. Perhaps it was because the print was so small that it made unaccustomed eyes ache to dwell upon it, especially as there was little time for reading, except during the evening, when the oil lamp burned dimly or not at all.

when you read what some one wrote years ago, when there were two million of school age:

"What an army! If they were to start from New York westward, marching two abreast, one end of the procession would be lost in the smoke of Pittsburg before the other had crossed the ferry at New York; and if you were to place them single file, the head boy would march into Chicago before the last girl had left New York. Alas! not one-half of this number have ever been to school in their lives, for there are not schools enough to go around among so many." Just think, dear children, how many of this great army grew up to be men and women without being able to read or write, and now that number is much larger, and the ignorance among them is very great.

A Presbyterian teacher wrote not long ago:

"Two boys entered school, one twenty-one and the other twenty-two years of age. They were asked one day who Christ was. One said: 'I nevah heard of Him befo.' The other said: 'I did heah something of Him, but can't tell zactly what it was.'"

The money you raise in your Mission Bands helps many a colored boy and girl to learn what is taught to you by faithful teachers in day and Sunday schools. So be sure you make the sum you send to our treasury as large as possible.